

A very Godly SONG, intituled, the Earnest

Petition of the faithful Christian, being Clerk of Bodnam, made upon his Deathbed,
at the Instant of his Transumption. To a sweet solemn Tune.

Vol 2
544



NOW my painful eyes lie rowling,
And my passing Bell is tawling,
Cawling sweetly, I lye dying,
and my life is from me flying.

Grant me strength, O gracious God,
For to endure thy heavy Rod,
Then shall I rejoyce and sing,
With Psalms unto our heavenly King.

Simeon that blessed man,
Beliebed Christ when he was come,
And then he did desire to dye,
To live with him Eternal y.

Christ wrote me a strong Salvation.
By his bitter death and passion;
He had wash'd and made me clean,
That I should never sin again.

Erictious pains doth call and cry,
O Man prepare thy self to dye:
all my Sins I have lamented,
And to dye I am contented.

Silly soul the Lord receive thee,
Death is come, and life must leave thee
Death will carry no mans lease,
Then farewell all earthly pleasure.

In this world I nothing crave,
But to bring me to my Grave;
In my Grave while I lye sleeping,
Angels have my soul in keeping.

When the bells are for me ringing,
Lord receive my soul with sinning:
Then shall I be free from pain,
To live and never dye again.

While the worms corrupting breed on,
Wait my noisome Corps to feed on,
My fervent soul this prison loathing,
Craves a Robe of angels cloathing.

Farewel world and world'y Glor,
Farewel all things transitory,
Sion hill my Soul ascendeth,
And Gods Royal throne attendeth.

Farewel Wife & children small,
For I must go when Christ doth call:
And for my death be ye content.
When I am gone do not lament.

Now the Bell doth cease to toul,
Sweet Jesus Christ receive my soul.

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O God which did the world create,
Hear a poor sinner at the Gate,
Thou that from death didst set me free
Remit my sins and shew mercy.

O thou that caus'd thy blessed Son,
Into this Universe to come:
Thy Gospel true for to fulfill,
And to subdue Sin, Death, and Hell.

Grant for his sake that dy'd on tree,
On the blest Mount of Calvary:
That I being grieved for my sin,
Might by repentance Heaven win
The Gospel saith, who so believ,
To them wilt thou a blessing give,
Amongst which number grant me faith
That to believe the Gospel saith.

Which to believe grant that I may,
Though here I dye, yet live for aye,
Then saviour sweet remit my sin,
and grant me faith that life to win.

And since thy death a price most great,
Hath bought us here I do intreat
To give me Grace thy name to praise,
Both now and evermore always.

For by thy death my soul is free
From Hell, which still by thy decree
To sinners, all for sin is due,
Until thy Son our Saviour true.

Did vanquish by almighty power,
Death, hell, and all that could devour
My sins, O Lord, I do confess,
Like sands in Seas are numberless.

Yet though my sins like scarlet show,
Their whiteness may exceed the snow,
If thou thy mercy do extend,
That I my sinful life may mend.

With mercy thy blest word doth say,
At any time obtain I may,
If power and grace in me remain,
From carnal sin for to restrain.

Then give me grace, Lord to abstain
From sin, that I may still remain
With thee in Heaven where angels sing
Most joyfully to thee our King.

God grant, O Christ, that when I dye,
My soul with thee immediately,
May have abode among the blest,
And live for ever in true rest.